

BENDIS

BAGLEY

IMMONEN

ULTIMATUM™

MARVEL

**LIMITED
SERIES**

1 OF 2



immonen.ca 2009

SPIDER-MAN:® REQUIEM

The bite of a genetically altered spider granted high-school student Peter Parker incredible arachnid-like powers! When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his amazing abilities to protect his fellow man. He learned the invaluable lesson that with great power there must also come great responsibility!

Now the fledgling super hero tries to balance a full high school curriculum, a night job as a web designer for the Daily Bugle tabloid, a relationship with the beautiful Mary Jane Watson, and swing time as the misunderstood, web-slinging Spider-Man!

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN



PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN...

The Ultimatum wave has destroyed New York City. With no warning a massive tidal wave crashed down on the island of Manhattan, killing millions of people in the blink of an eye.

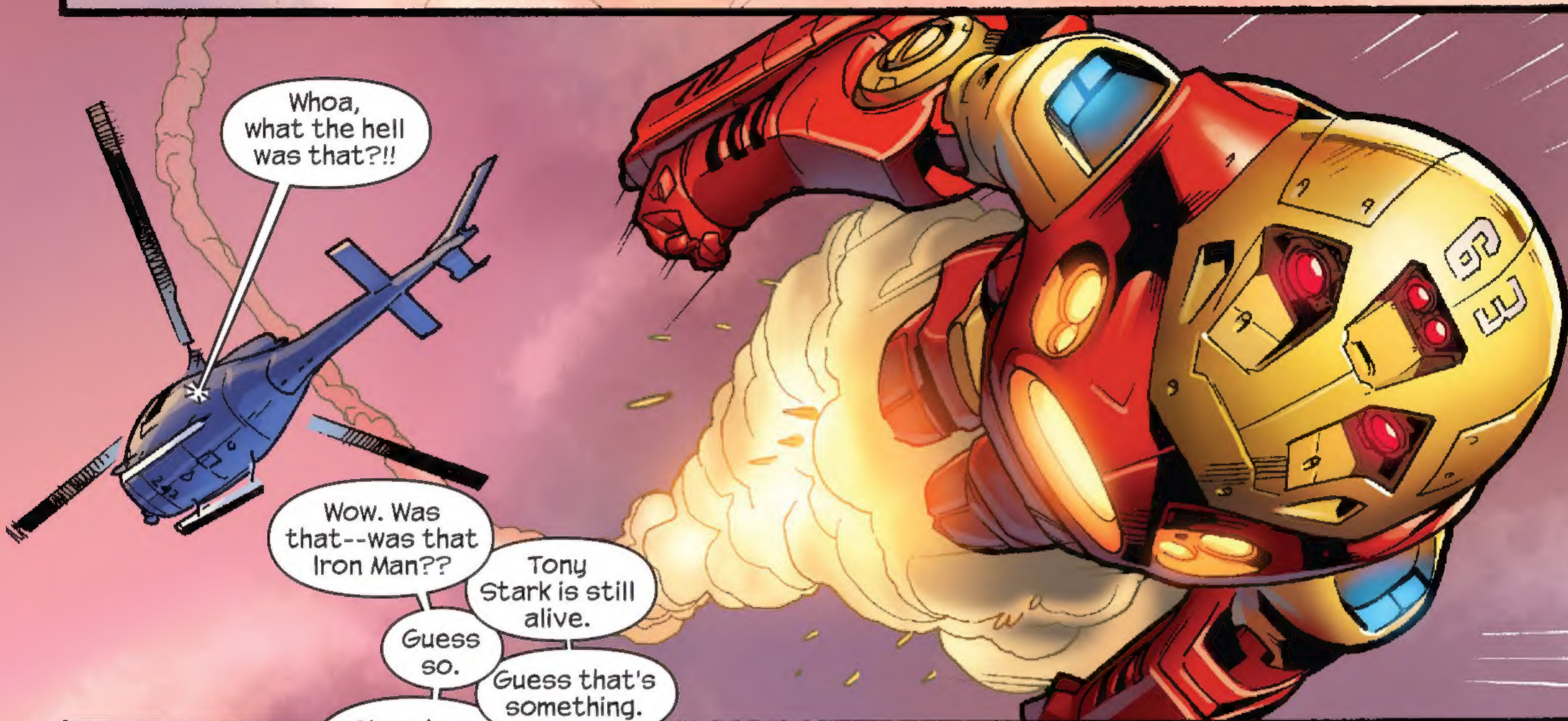
When the tidal wave subsided, Spider-Man helped search for survivors in the watery hell that was Midtown. He then found himself face-to-face with the Incredible Hulk.

Spider-Man seemed to not survive the encounter.

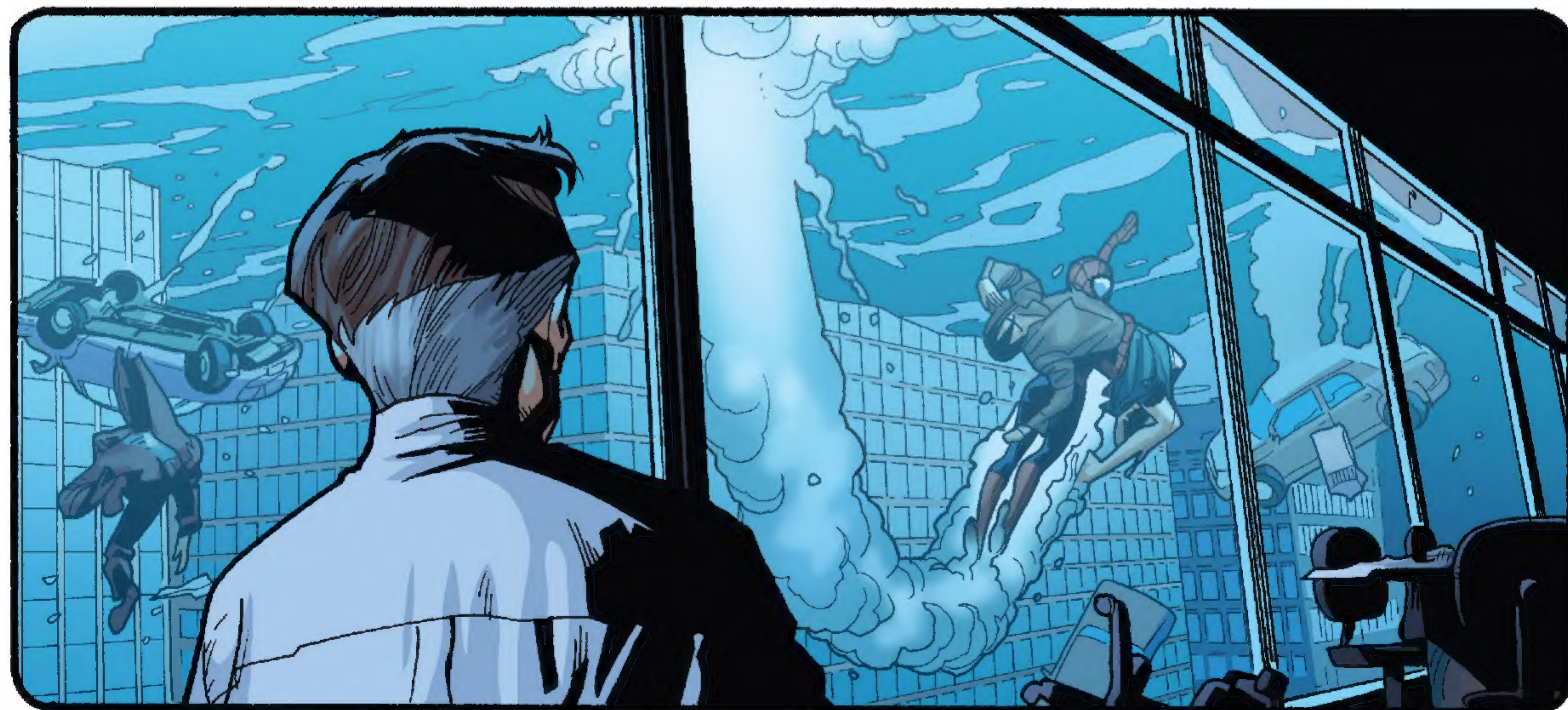
Kitty Pryde and Spider-Woman searched for Peter but only found his torn mask. MJ, Gwen Stacy and Aunt May all survived the attack but are horrified when Kitty brings them the horrible news.

J. Jonah Jameson, publisher of the Daily Bugle, was witness to Spider-Man's last day of heroics. After months of bashing Spider-Man because it sold newspapers, the event profoundly changed him.

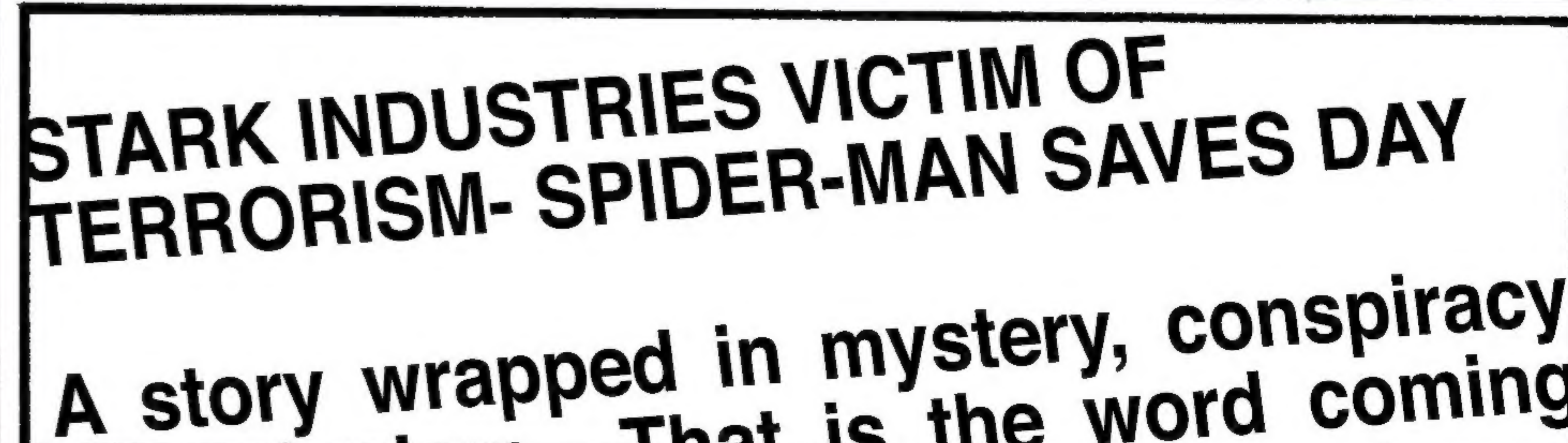
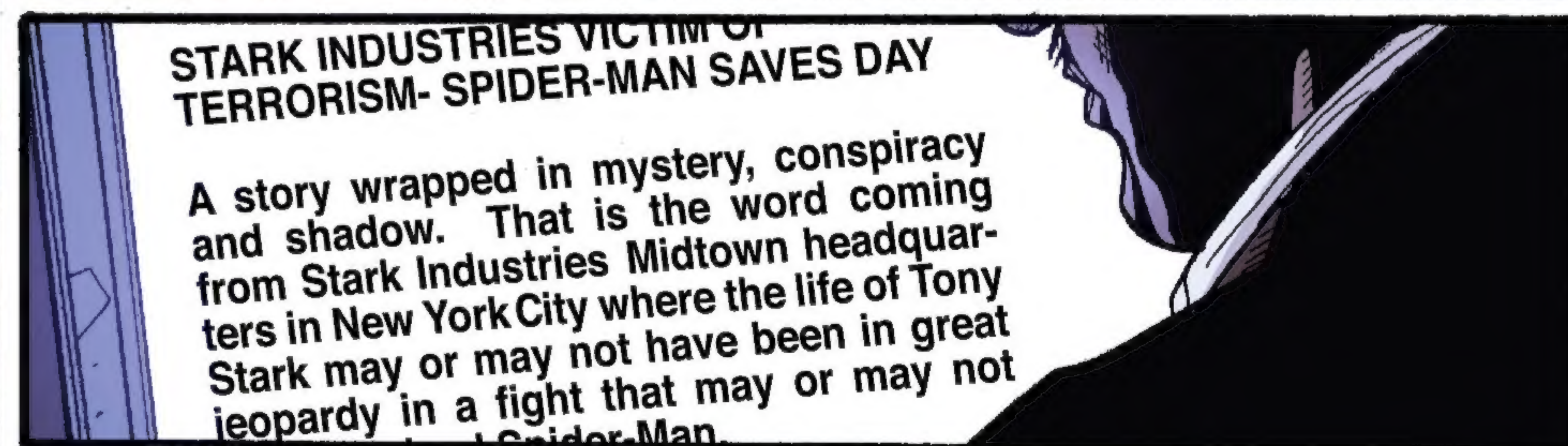
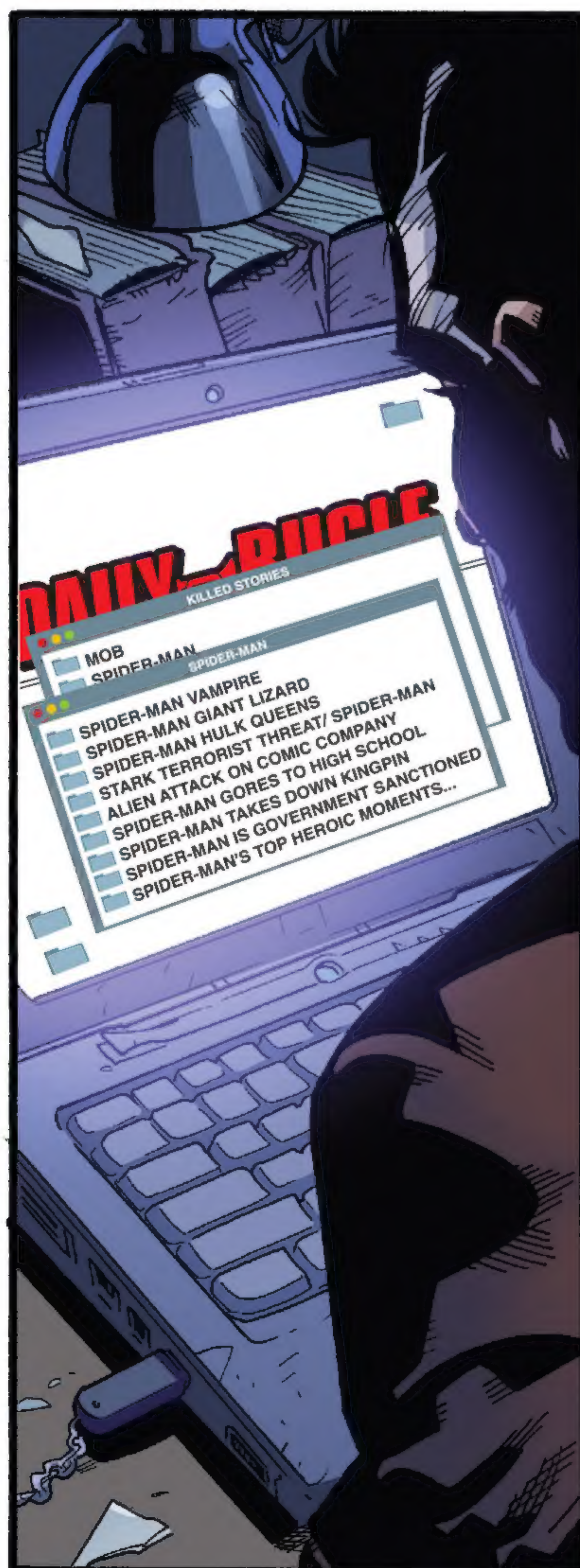
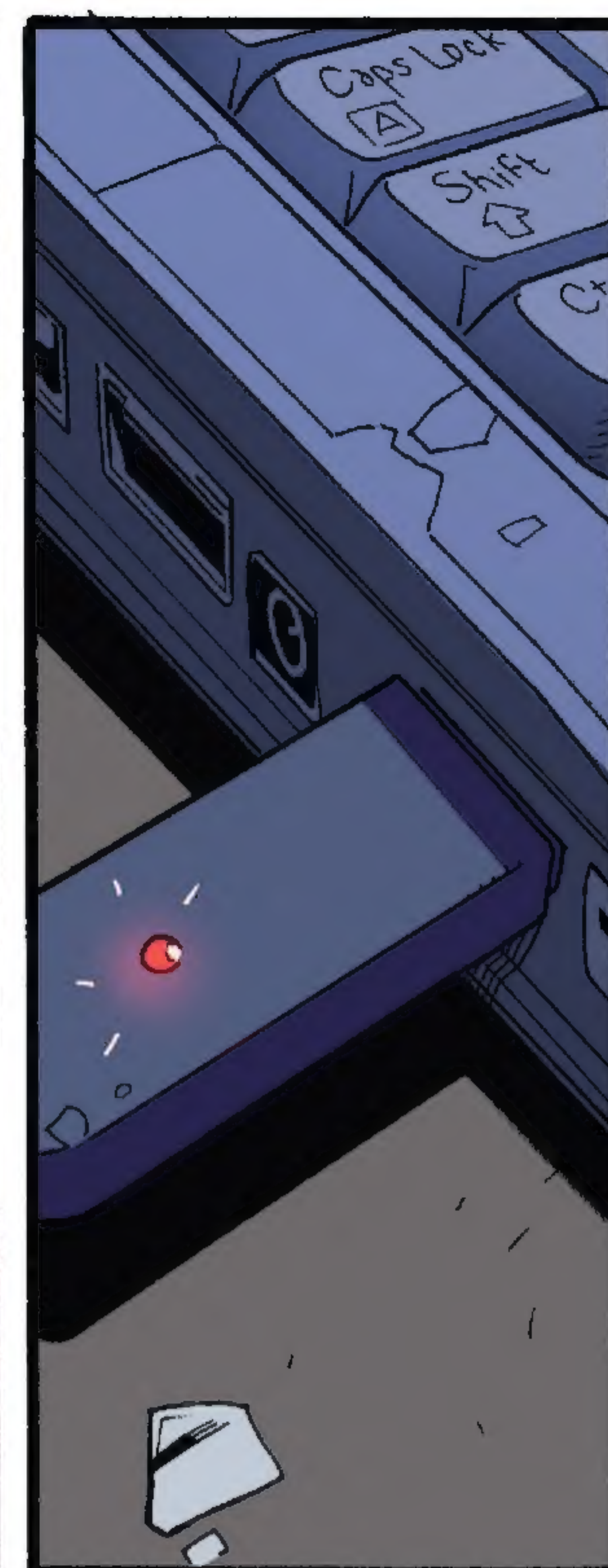
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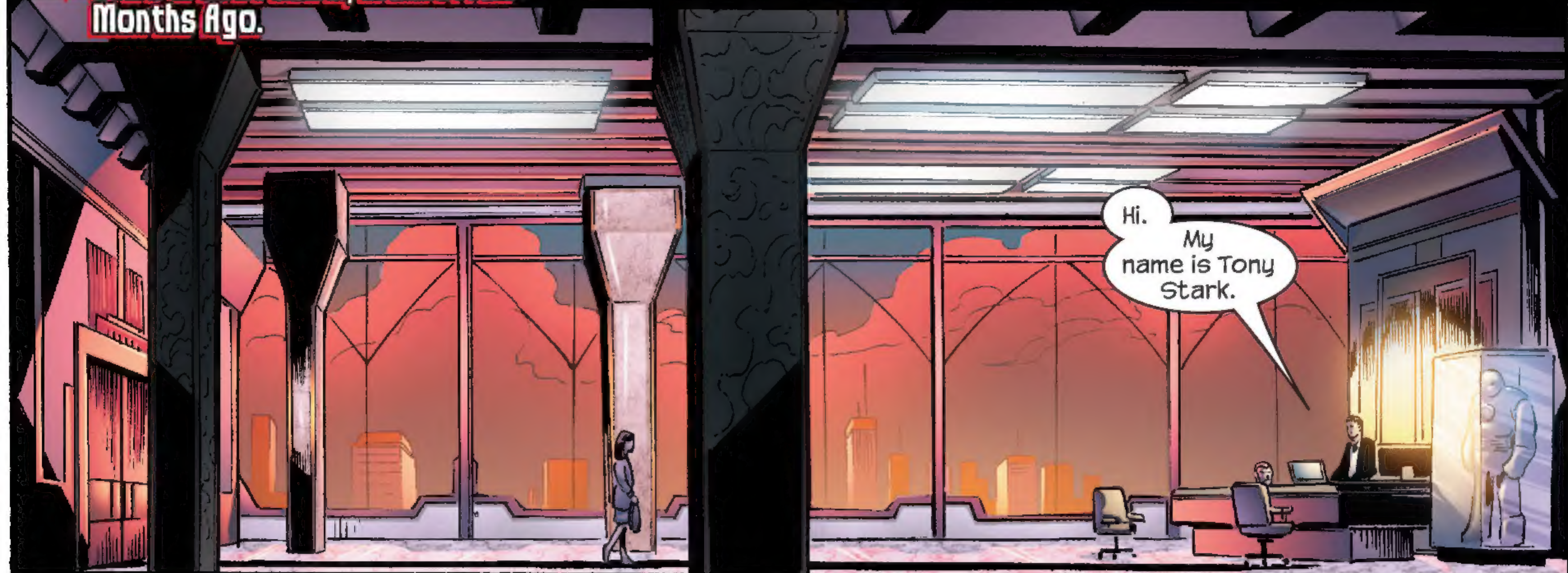








Stark International, Manhattan.
Months Ago.





...Is why you're so *public* with your Iron Man, um, persona?

Most super heroes, they stay under the mask. And you could *easily* have done so.

But *you* chose to go public.



(That's a pretty good question.)

And you want the *real* answer.

Yes.

Because I-- do you know what a *terrorist* is?



Well, yeah, I *live* in New York.



So do I.

I guess-- I want people to know I'm not afraid.

Maybe because I'm rich and arrogant and don't have any children...

But *I'm* not afraid and I--there are those out there who *want* us to be afraid...

And I want those people to know that I'm *not*.



We live in a world *ruled* by fear.

We sell fear. Half the things you buy at the store are sold to you by making you *afraid* of something.

I want that...to stop.



But you made your money--well, you build weapons.



Yes, I do.

But I only sell them to the good guys.



Why do you think we need weapons?



To protect ourselves.

It helps relieve fear.

It seems-- and I'm sorry, but I only have the few questions so I don't have time to be, um, subtle--



It seems counterintuitive.

A hero to the people, but a maker of weapons.



How old are you?

Sixteen.

Almost.

I just--

"Counterintuitive."

It's okay. I'm enjoying this.



I'll tell you. And this is the truth as I know it.

You know that. *Everyone* knows that.

This world is divided by religion, class, race, money, and borders...

But do you know what it will take to bring us together?



No.

What?



Nothing.

It can't be done.

It is our nature.

It is.

And it probably always will be.



So I *build* weapons, I wear a weapon, I *am* a weapon.

And I say I am not afraid of those who want to hurt us or scare us.

I *protect* anyone I can. I *defend* anyone I can.



And as a last resort I avenge those who need avenging.

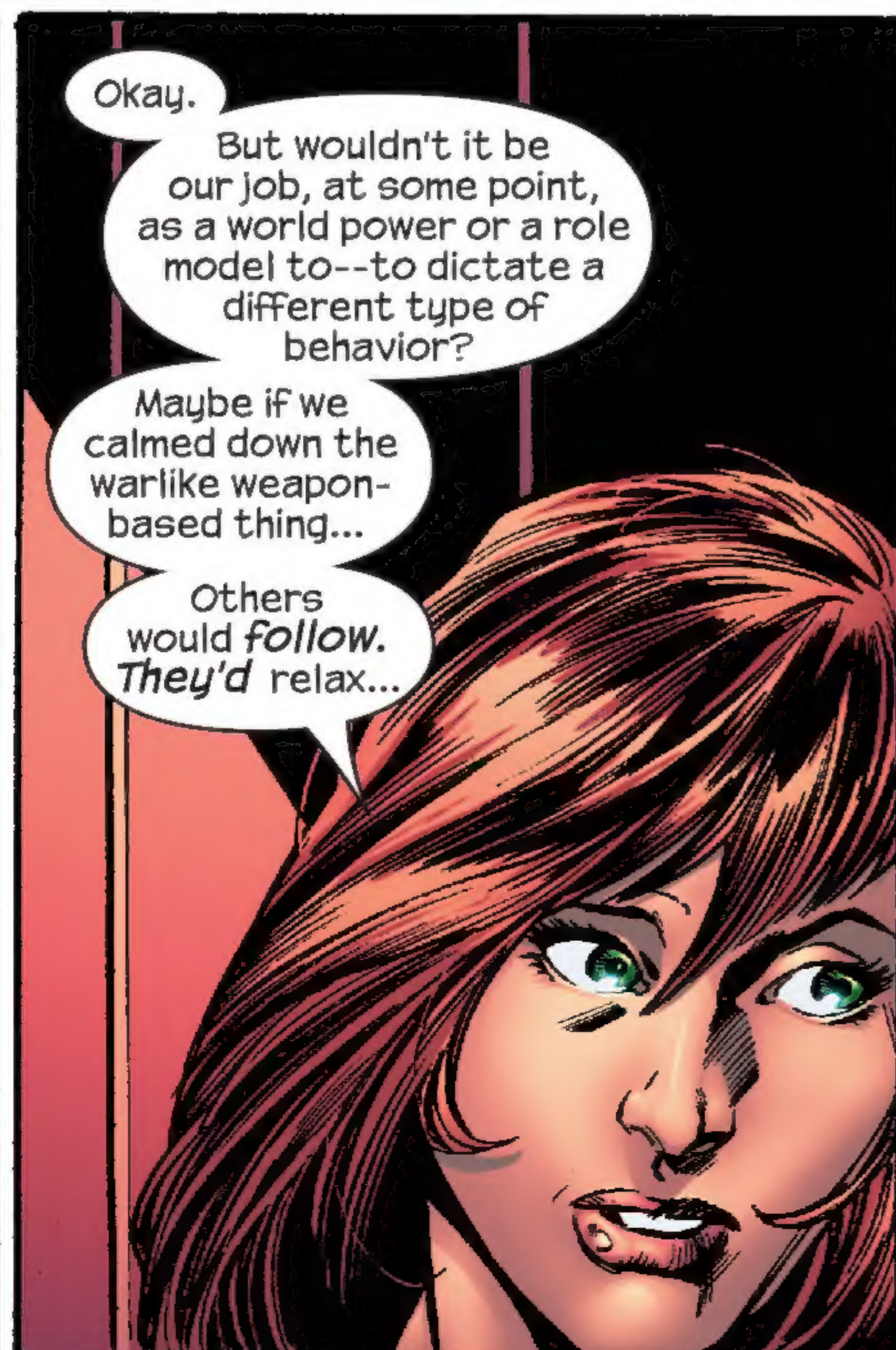
And I try to keep it *that* simple.

People will terrorize and attack that which is different.

That which they don't understand.

And that which they feel threatens their way of life. But they won't *win*.

Not while I'm around.



Okay.

But wouldn't it be our job, at some point, as a world power or a role model to--to dictate a different type of behavior?

Maybe if we calmed down the warlike weapon-based thing...

Others would *follow*. They'd relax...



To a certain point we do.

I know, but you're saying...



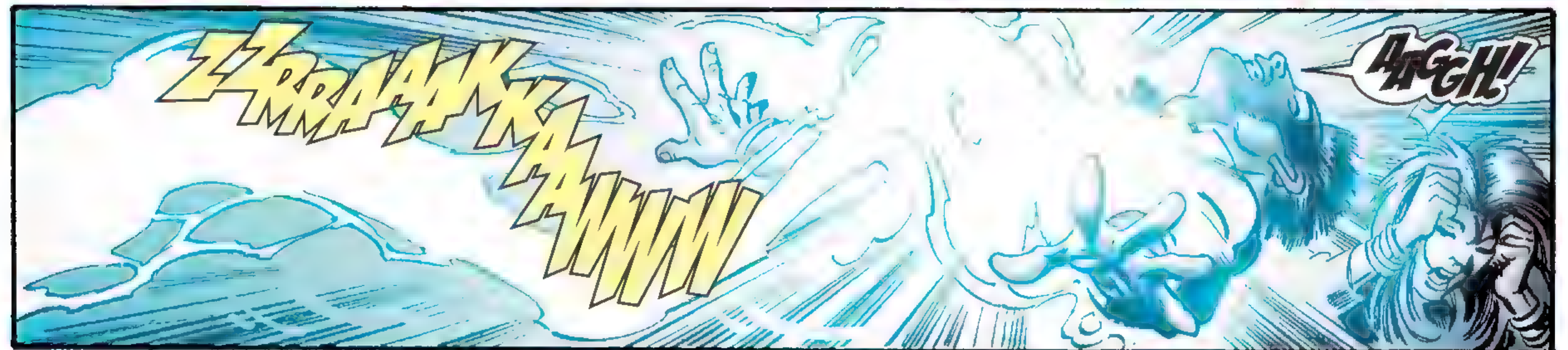
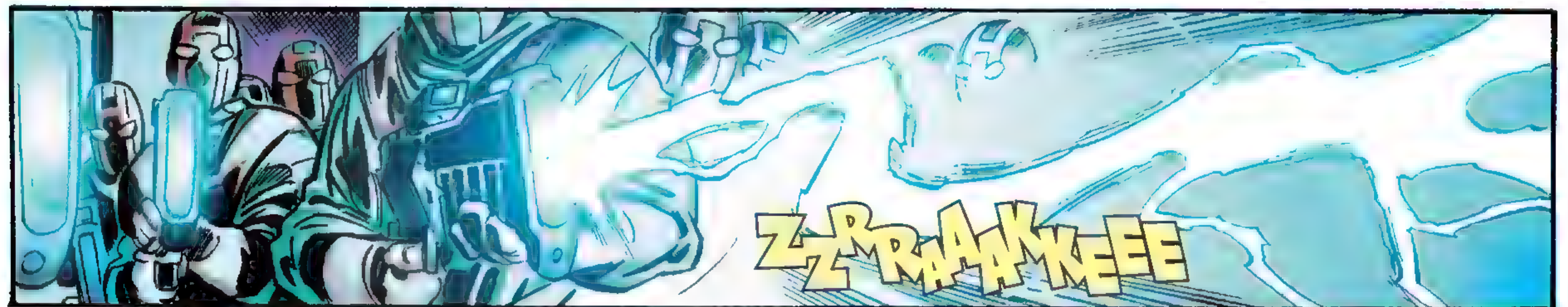
Well, let me ask *you* this...



Uh...

Is that yours?





HAIL
HYDRA!



Oh
man...

You'll--cough--
you'll need to make
an appointment.

Cute.

I'm not
necessarily a
fan of cute.



My organization
was willing to do
business with you in
the proper way.

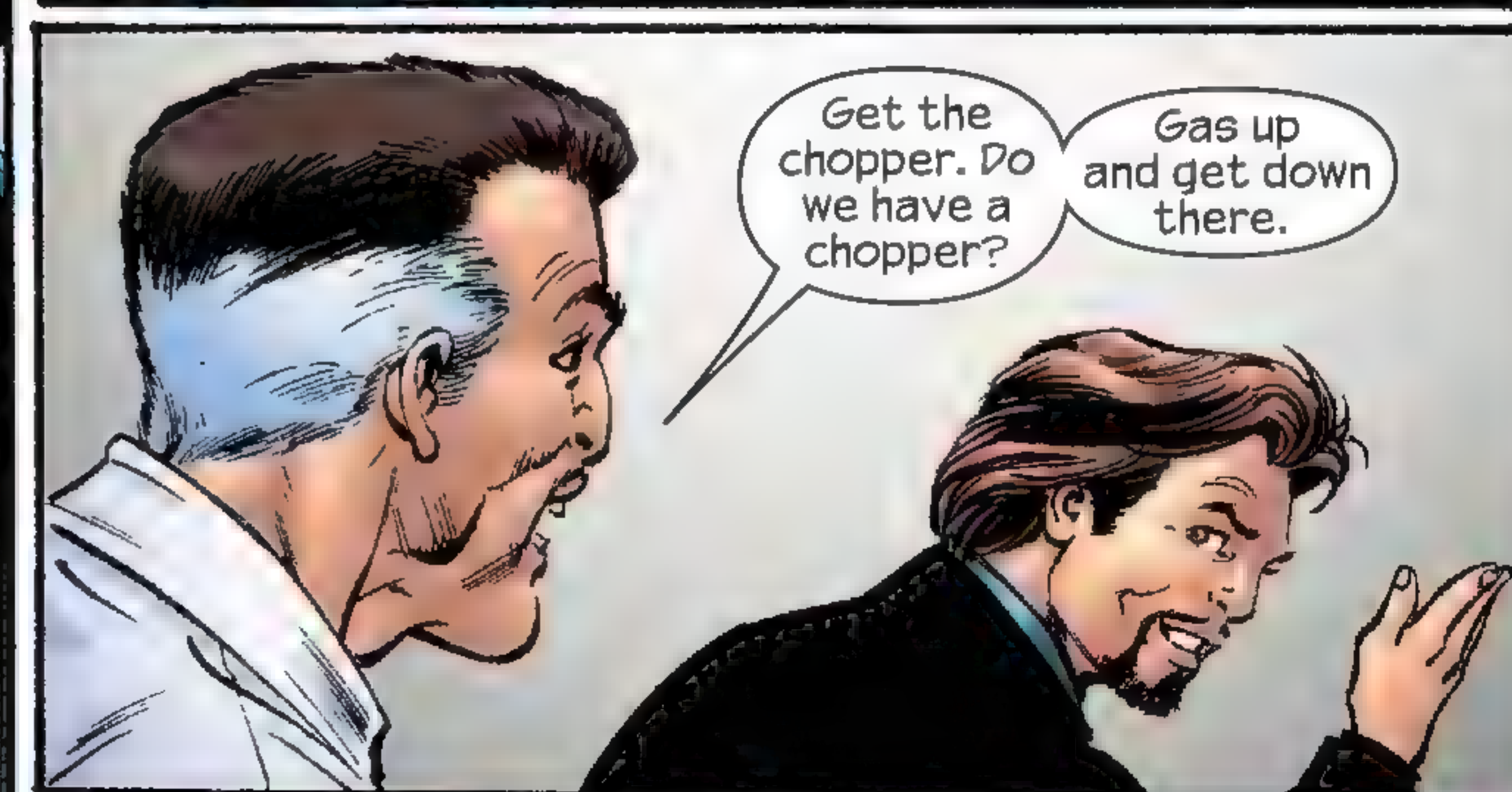
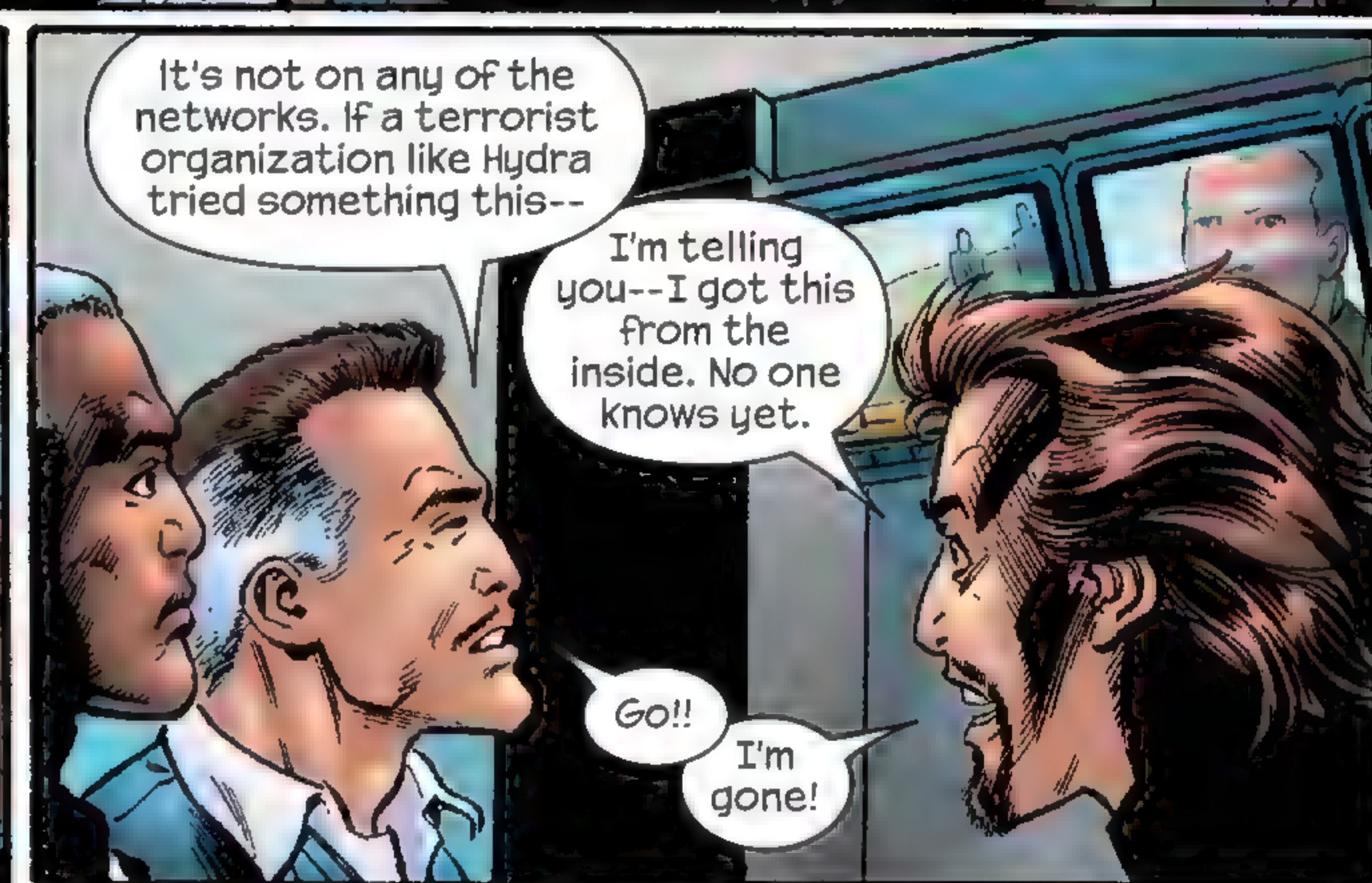
Through the
proper channels,
to negotiate...

You
chose to
insult us.



So now
we're down
to this.

Your
armor or
your life.





We're on a bit of a schedule here, Tony.

Don't let me keep you.

It's not like we didn't give you the opportunity to do business with us.

You chose poorly.

Let me ask you--the only way you broke into this building's security frame is by using my patented Seatech Revo 9000...

Which I certainly did not sell you...



Which means you either stole it or bought it illegally.

Either way--that offends me on numerous levels.



So annoying. Please be quiet.

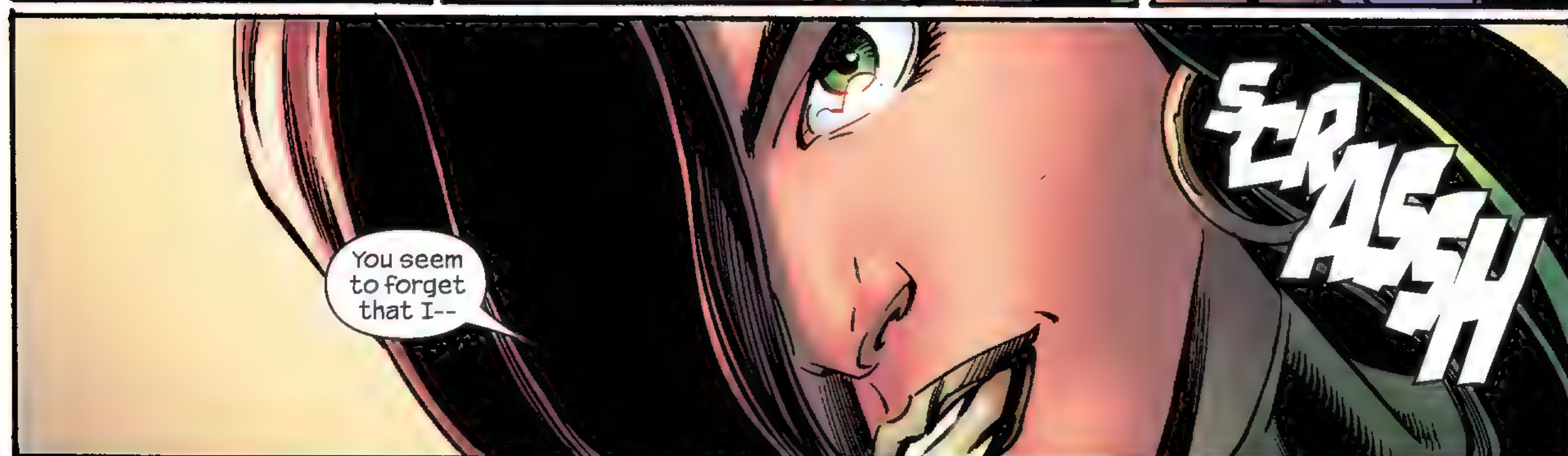
Give us the armor. The good armor. Not this tin-can prototype. The real stuff.



You'll kill me either way.

So I'd just as soon pass on the offer.

But you let the girl walk out of here, and we can talk.



You seem to forget that I--

CRASH





Are you okay, MJ?

Oh my God, Peter!!

Are you okay??

Yes.



Who were they?

I-I--Hydra. They said "Hail Hydra."

What does *that* mean?

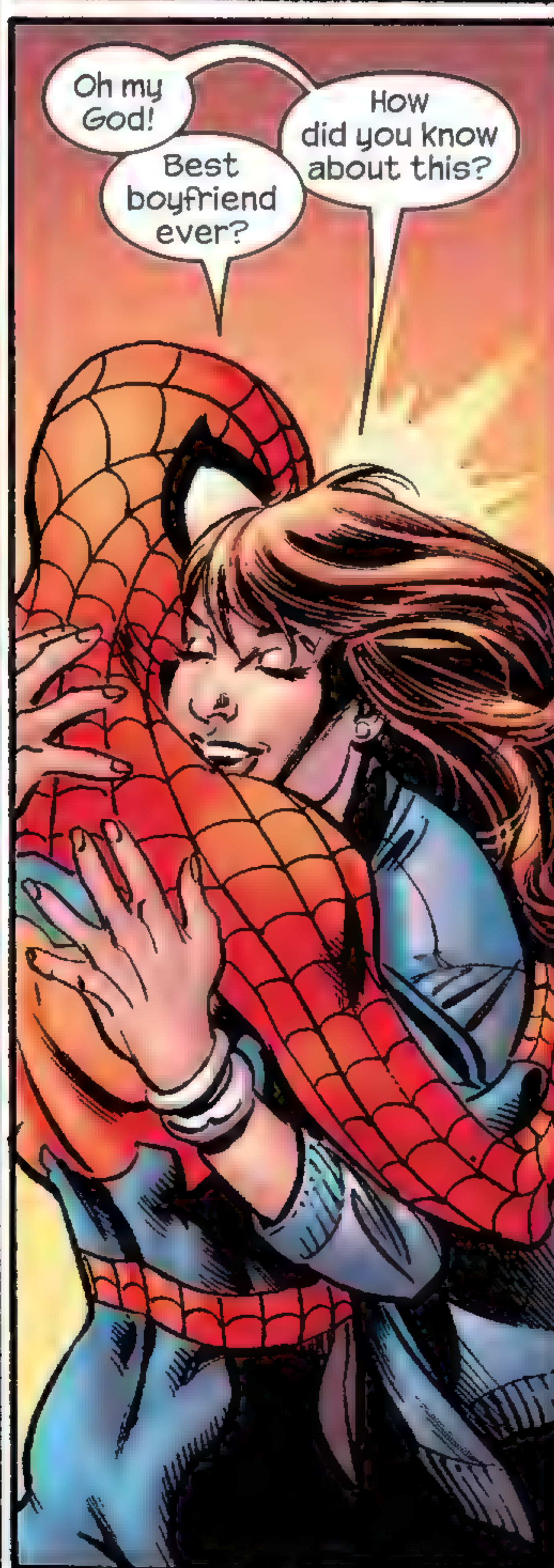
I don't know.



Stay here. No! Go home. Go to the police. Go *now*!!

Pete, they have *guns*!!

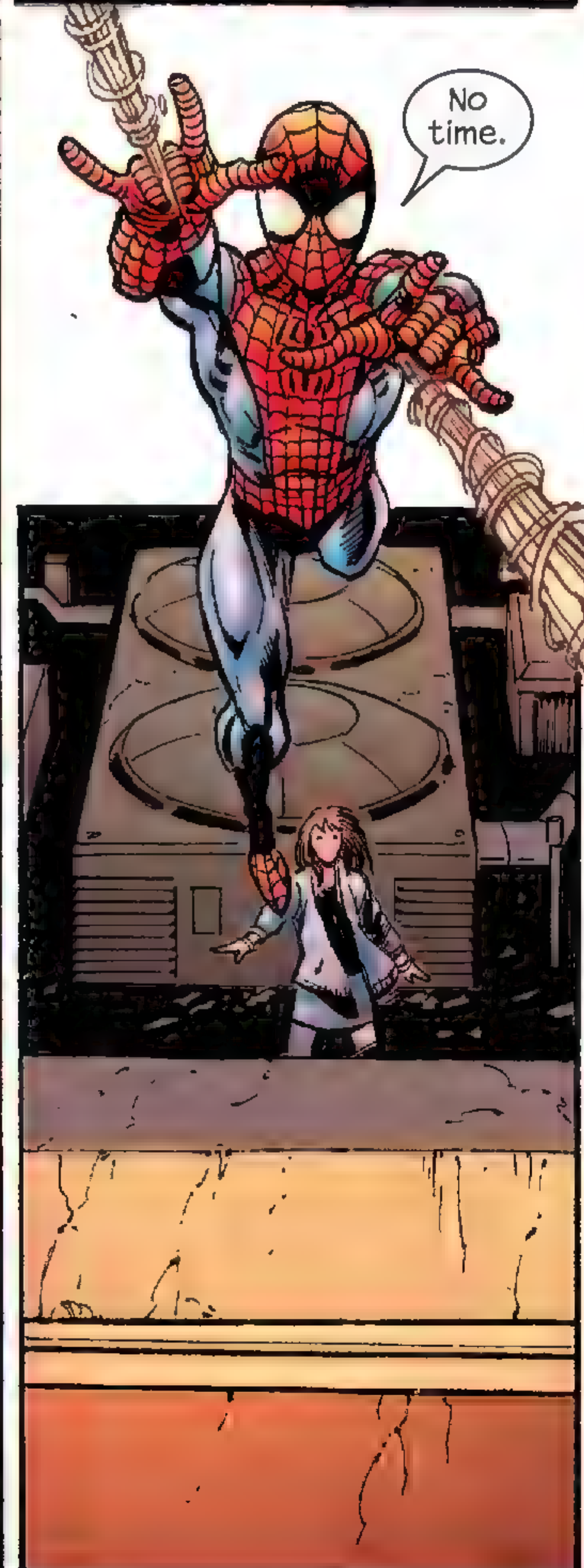
I have webs. Big whoop.



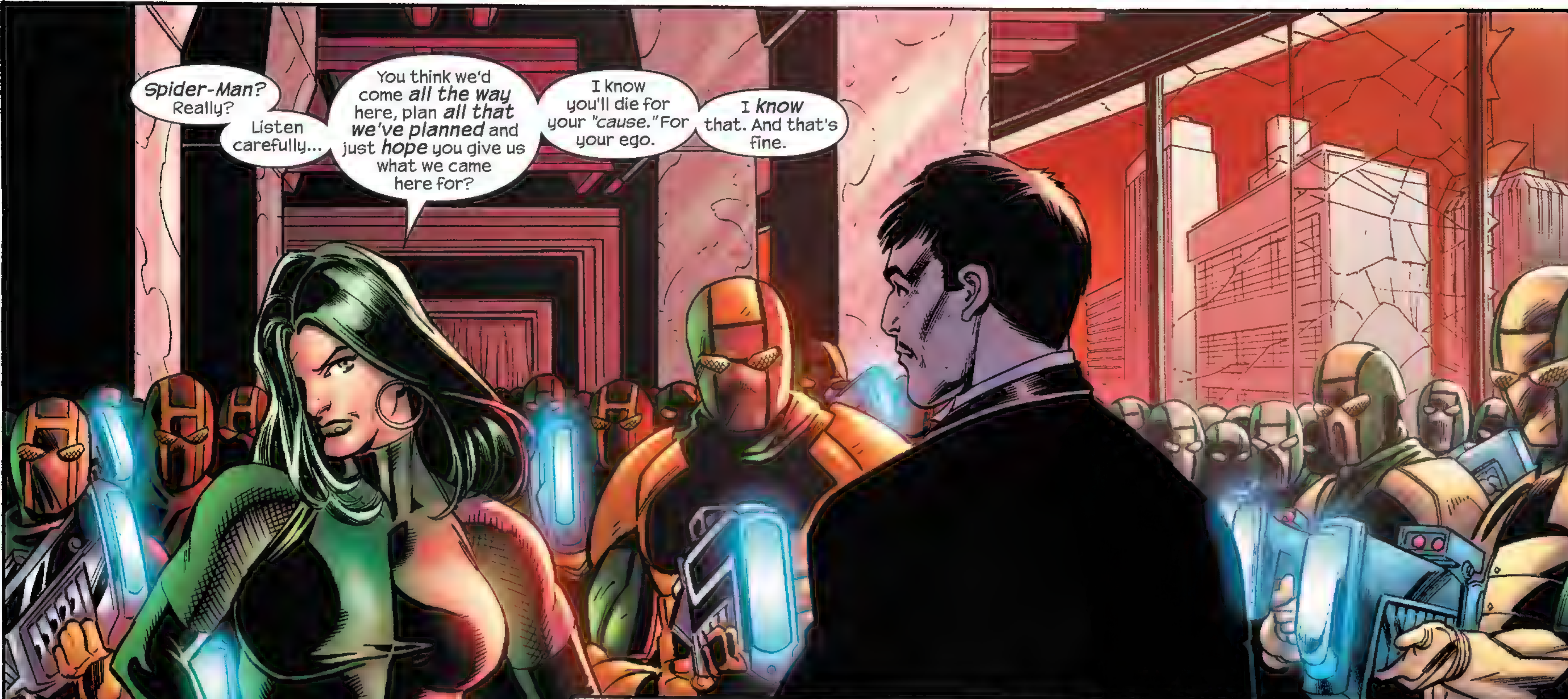
Oh my God!

Best boyfriend ever?

How did you know about this?



No time.



Spider-Man?
Really?

Listen
carefully...

You think we'd
come *all the way*
here, plan *all that*
we've planned and
just *hope* you give us
what we came
here for?

I know
you'll die for
your "cause." For
your ego.

I *know*
that. And that's
fine.



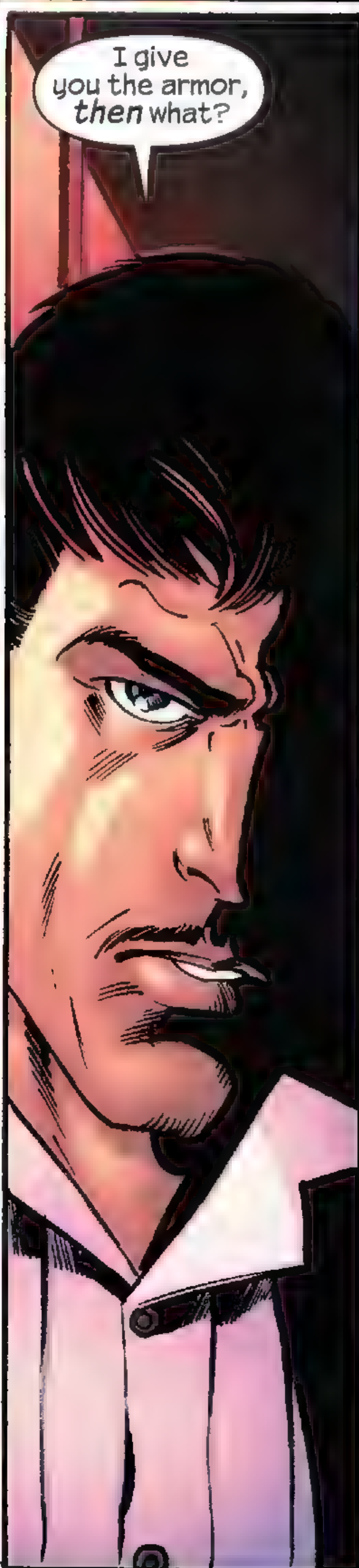
But there are
many other ways
to skin an arrogant
megalomaniac
like you.

There's your
mommy. Daddy.
Pepper. Janet
Van Dyne.

Uma
Thurman.

(We're just
friends.)

We'll
see.



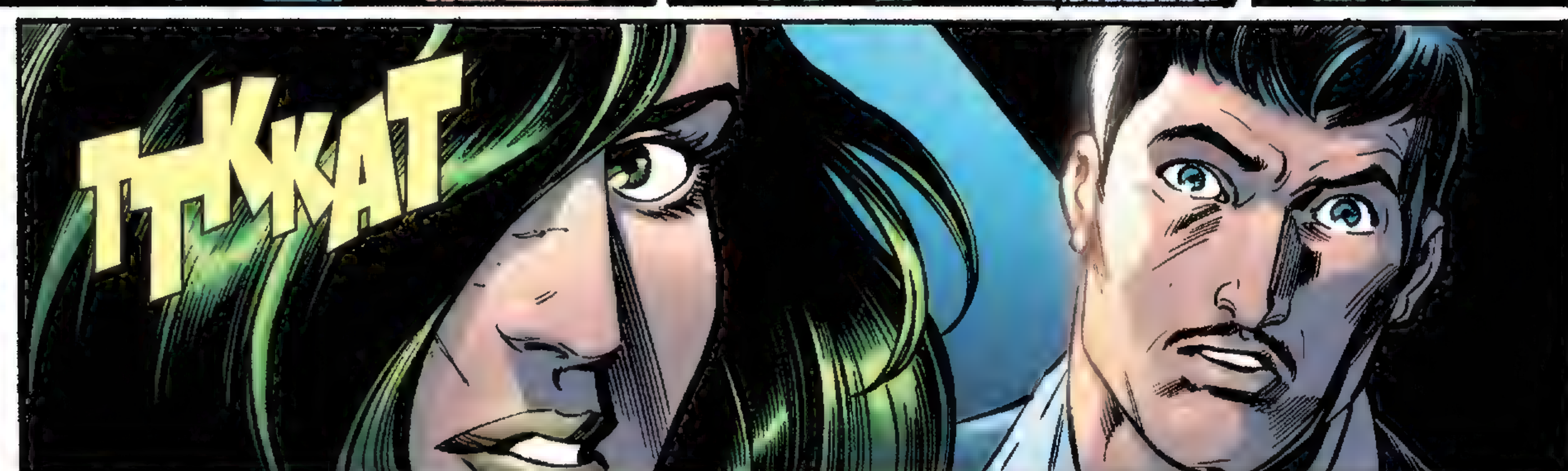
I give
you the armor,
then what?



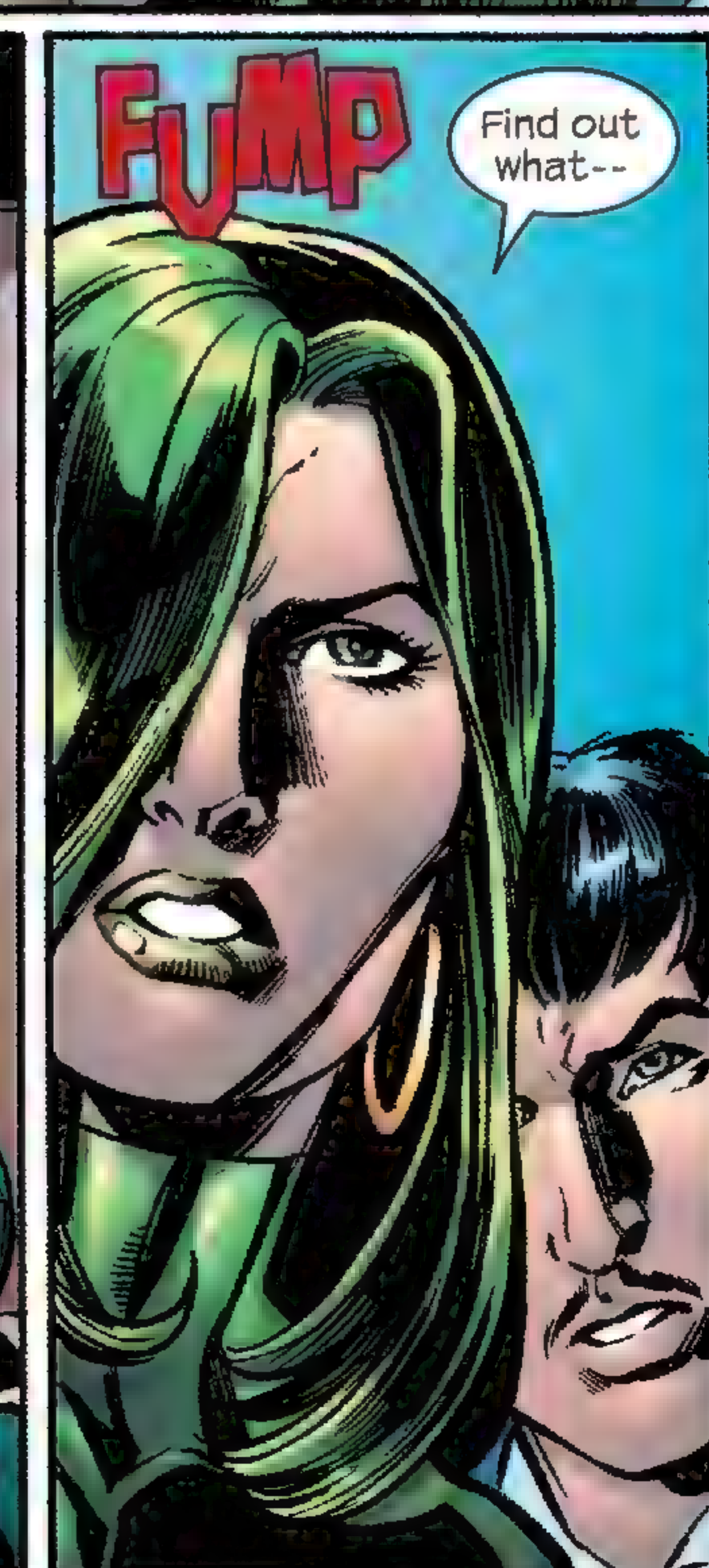
Don't stall
me. Don't use
words with me.

You arrogant--
you think you're
better than me.
That's the funny
part.

You think you
stand for something
greater. If you
couldn't sell it, you
shouldn't--

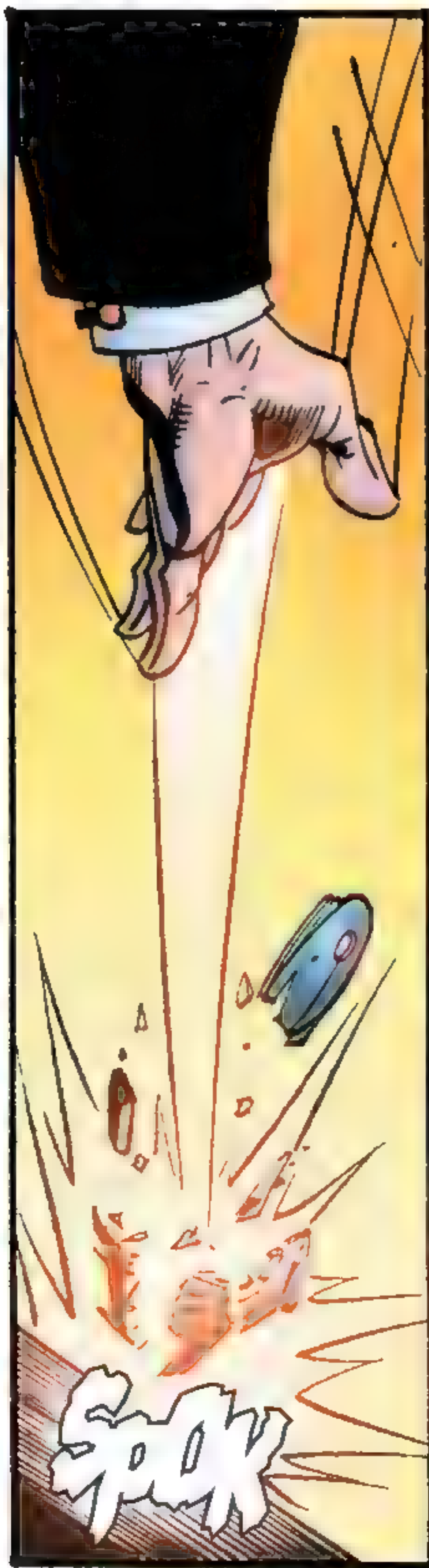


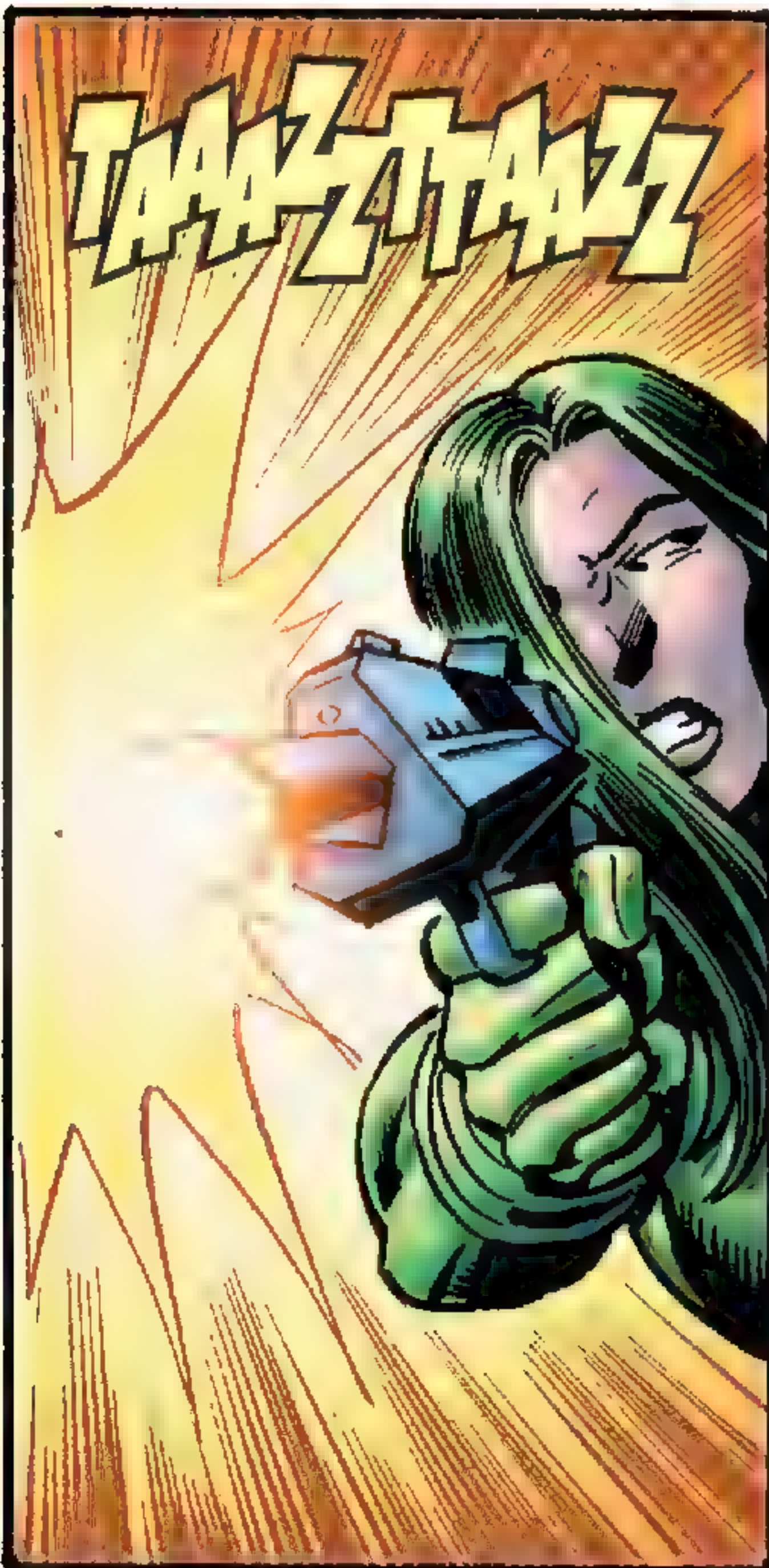
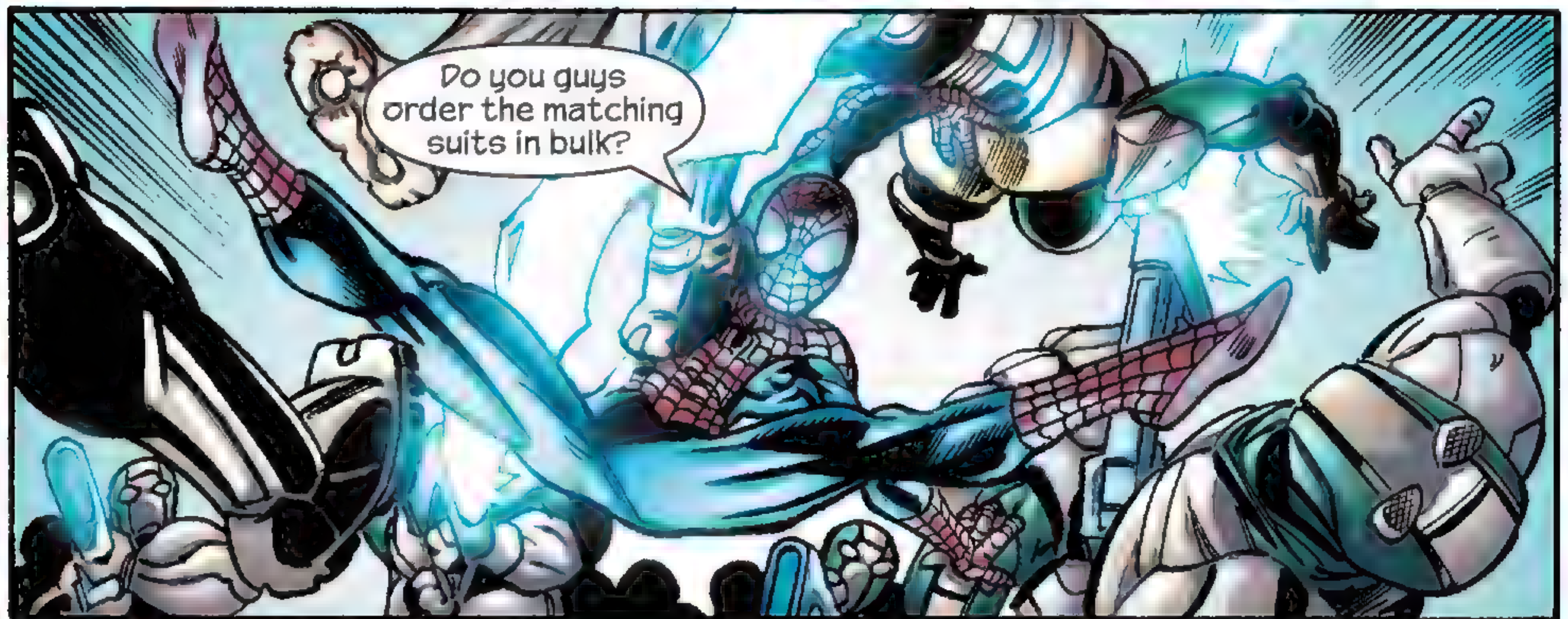
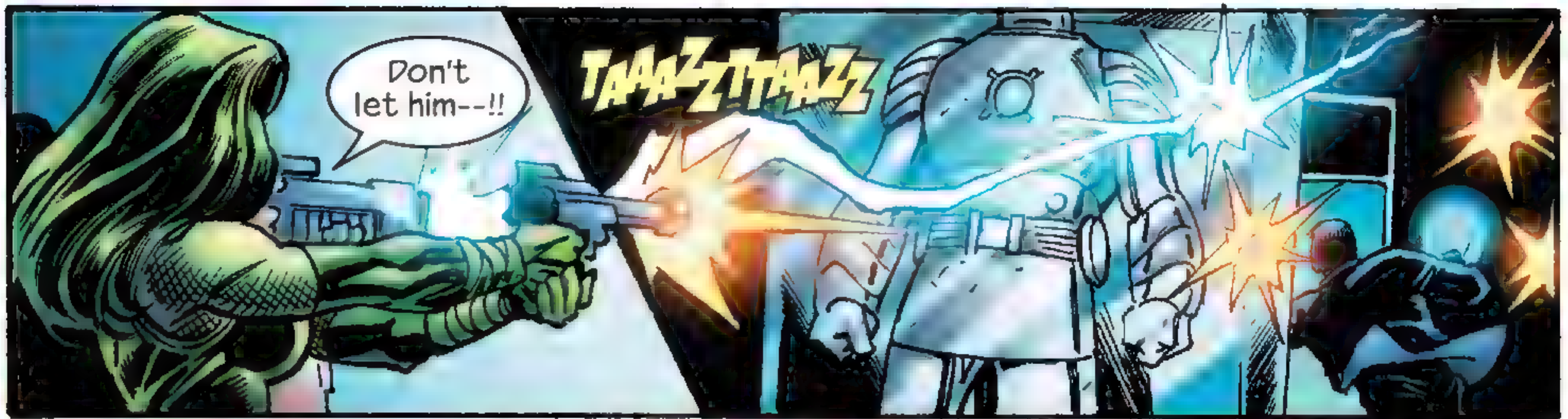
FUMP
CLUMP
ZZAATT



Find out
what--









Kid!!
CEILING!!



Attention Stark
Tower intruders.

KTANG

As you may have
noticed, the building
is now completely
in lockdown.

SMASH

There is
no way in
or out.

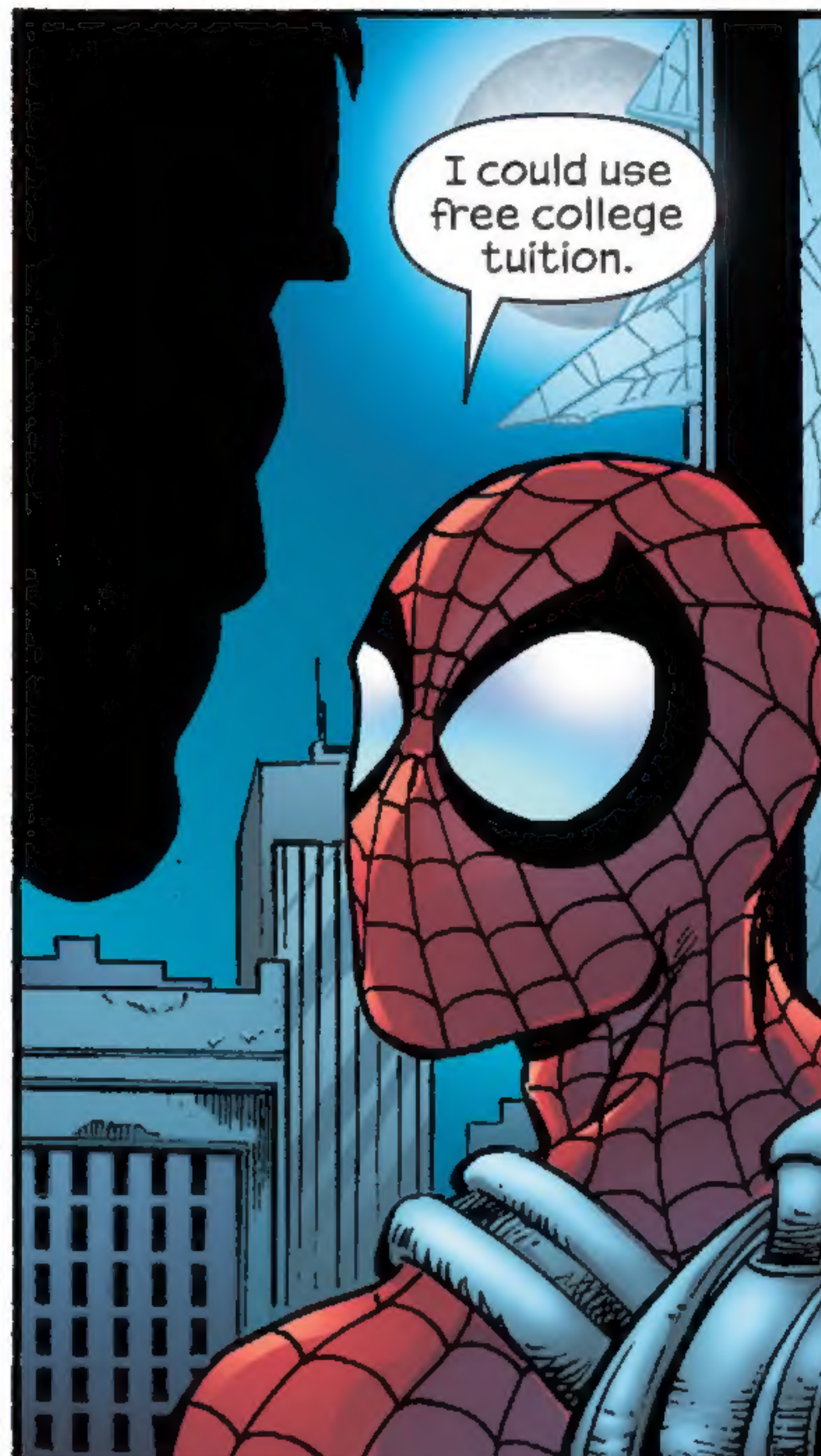
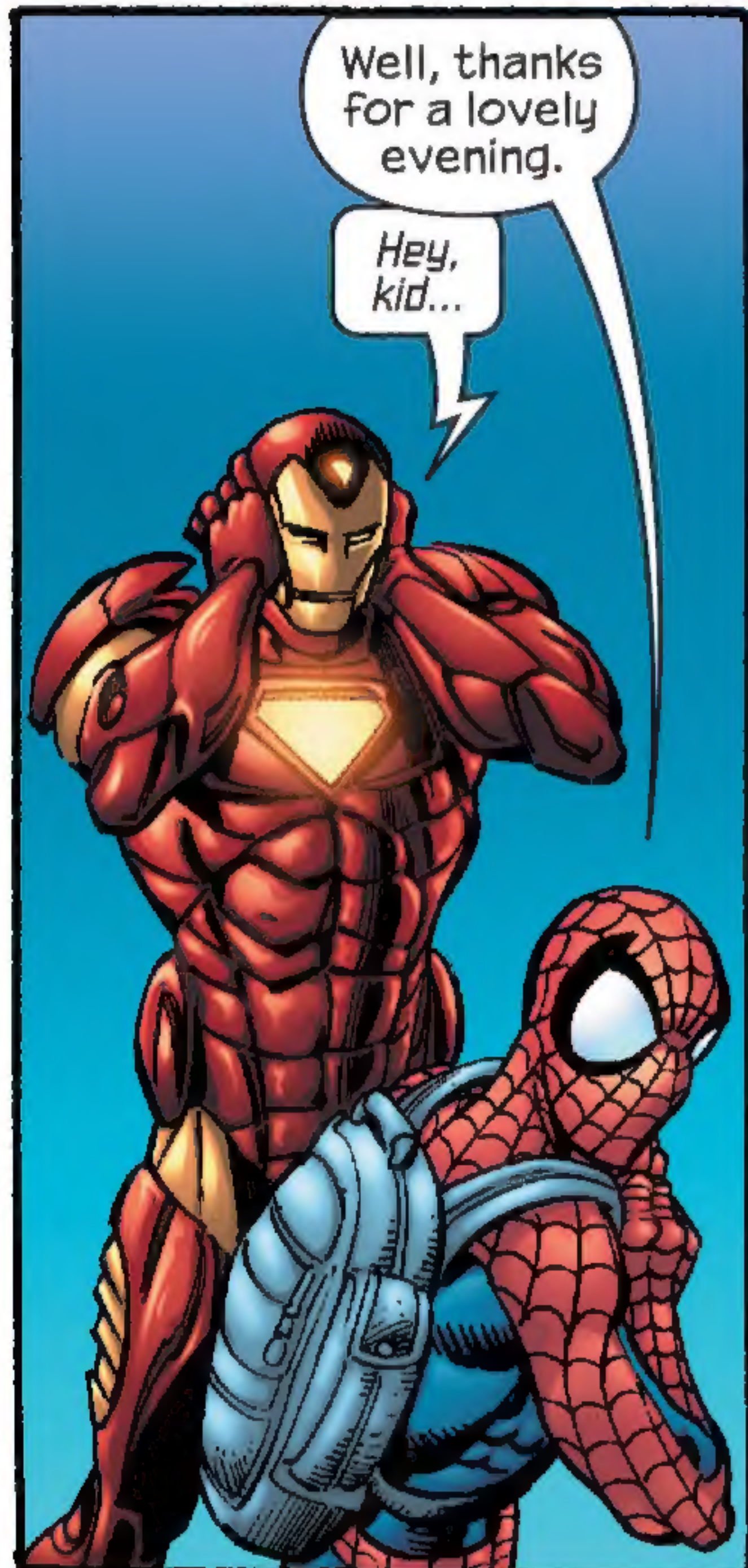
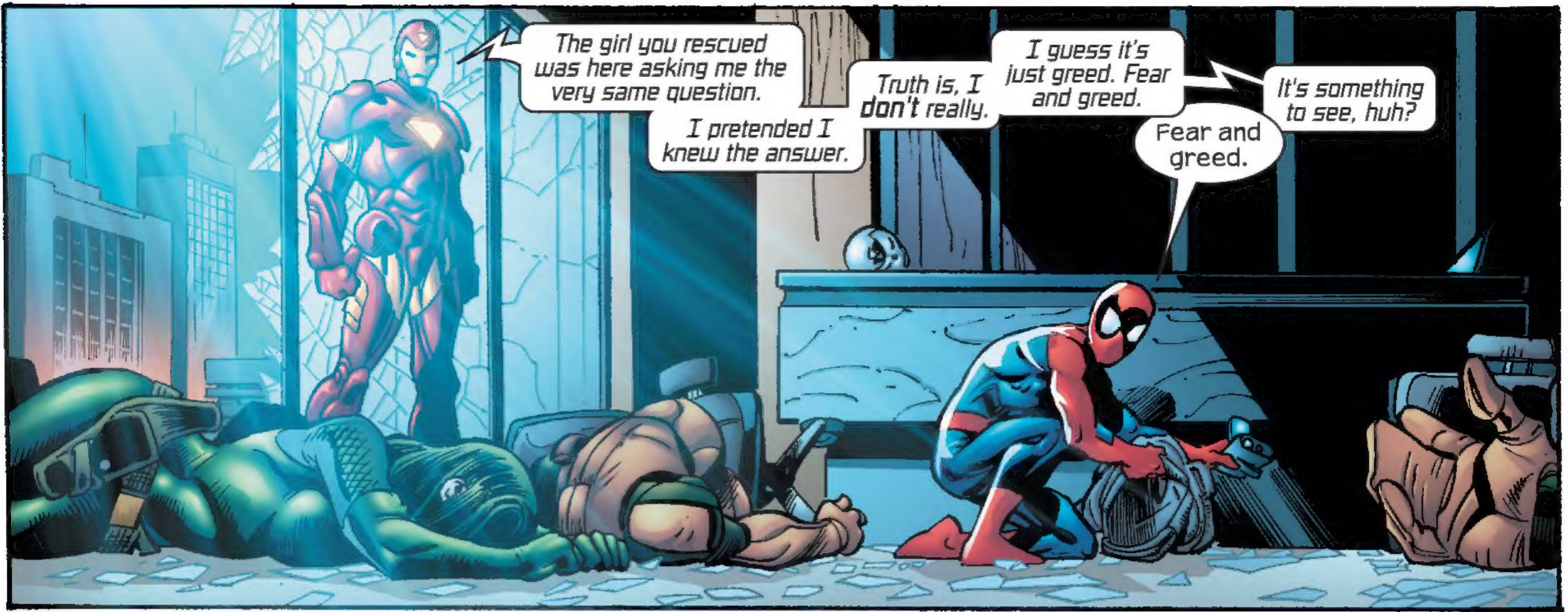
My sentry
units will now accept
your surrender.

Agents of
S.H.I.E.L.D. will be
here in moments.

Well,
wow. That *is* some
cool armor you
got there!

That's
why they
wanted it.

So what
was this
exactly?

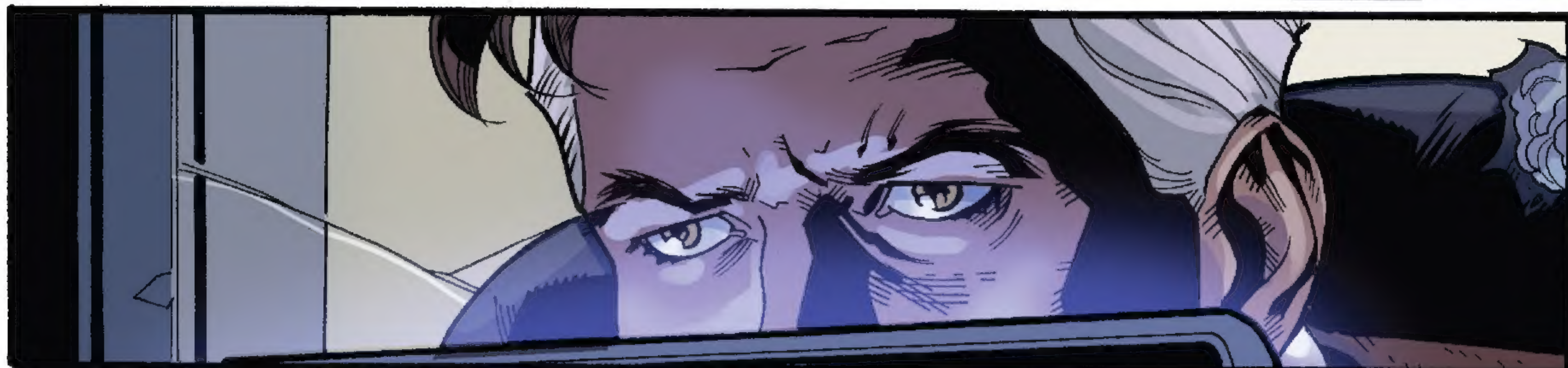




"We will not be releasing the names of our alleged attackers because fame and glory seem to be part of what they are hoping to achieve."

"Tony Stark would like to publicly thank the costumed hero known as Spider-Man for his selflessness in the face of great danger."

"'Hero' is not a word I use lightly, but Spider-Man defines that word in every way."



Spider-Man defines that word in every way.



Damn it. Tony Stark. Like I know better than him.

Ben...



That article you're writing on Spider-Man. Make it good.

CNN says he's dead.



You're writing his obituary.